

# THE GUARDIAN.

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VOL. XXII. — JUNE, 1871. — NO. 6.

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## PERILS OF YOUNG MEN.

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BY REV. J. H. DUBBS.

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One of the last messages of St. Paul to Timothy, whom he frequently calls his "dearly beloved son," was a warning to "flee youthful lusts." Though a Bishop of the Church, Timothy was still a young man, full of life and energy, it is true, in the work of his Divine Master, but exposed to all the temptations which threatened those to whom he ministered. On this account, especially, St. Paul seems to have followed his course with special interest, addressing to him the celebrated epistles in which he describes the virtues and duties of the Christian pastor; exhorting him not to shrink from the duties of his office because of his youth, while, at the same time, he warns him to flee from those youthful lusts, which have caused the destruction of unnumbered millions.

The warning of the apostle is just as important now, as it was in the days when the youthful Timothy was bishop of Ephesus, and the aged Paul a prisoner in the dungeons of the tyrant Nero. Youthful strength and energy are still precious beyond conception, if they be consecrated on the altar of truth and virtue. But, alas! now as then, the young man has to advance toward it through an avenue of tempters, each of whom seeks to lead him astray. The Indians, it is said, sometimes compel their prisoners to "run the gauntlet"—to run a race for life through a double line of their enemies, armed with knives and tomahawks, each of whom strikes at them as they hurry by. If one of the prisoners should escape, his life is safe and he is honored as a special favorite of the celestial power; but not one in a hundred reaches the goal in safety.

May not this fearful ordeal be aptly compared with the moral gauntlet, which every young man is compelled to run? Temptations surround him, and the lusts of youth boil up within him. Judgment is not yet fully convinced of the truth, that "the ex-

cesses of youth are but so many drafts on old age, payable with interest in about thirty years after date."

How important, then, it is, that we should never grow weary of warning the young of the dangers which beset their path. "Proprietors," says Dr. Arnot, "rear strong fences round young trees, while they leave aged forests to take their chance. Permit not then, the immortal to be twisted at the very starting of its growth, for the want of such protection as it is in your power to afford."

It is, however, no easy task to describe the perils of youth in such a way, that they may at once be recognized and avoided. While it is not difficult to know that certain parts of the sea are full of reefs and quicksands, it is a very different matter to put them down on charts for the guidance of future voyagers. Our remarks must, therefore, necessarily be general in their character. There is, we know, in that period of our lives a general exposedness to temptation; we are full of passions that are easily excited, and warm as the current of our youthful blood. Newly discovered powers, which God has given us for great and glorious purposes, become temptations to unnumbered excesses. It is as though a boy had buckled on his father's sword; but instead of keeping it as his father did, as a defence against the enemy, he slashes right and left, cutting down young trees and flowers, ruining the furniture of the old homestead, and making havoc generally. At this period we are full of the exuberance of youthful energy. There is plenty of steam, but experience has not yet caused the safety-valve to work easily. Is it surprising that there should be danger of an explosion?

Another cause of youthful susceptibility to temptation is often an unbridled imagination. Unchecked by experience, we are constantly forming images, which are mistaken for realities. We build ourselves castles in the air, and imagine that, one of these days they will be actualized in brick and mortar. Our anticipations of pleasure are so intense, that we remain oblivious of the pains which it conceals; we pluck the rose unmindful of the thorn that lies hidden beneath its fragrant petals. We labor for days in order to obtain a few moments of fleeting rapture, which in their turn may be followed by days or years of misery. We are like boys who, with great exertions, drag their sleds up the hillside, in order to enjoy the supreme felicity of riding down. Like the child with its baubles, we are dissatisfied unless we have whatever suits our fancy, and when we have it, will probably, also, in our disappointment, do our best to break it to pieces.

What is worst of all is the fact, that so many of the young have no confidence in the superior wisdom of men of advanced years and established reputation. In the fullness of their physical



strength, they imagine that they need no spiritual guide. It is as though a young sailor were to declare on his first voyage, that he knew all the intricate windings of the channel more completely than the most experienced pilot. There are plenty of young men who listen complacently to the admonitions of their best friends, while their heart silently responds, "You old fogey! You have exhausted the time of your enjoyments, and now would deprive me of mine. I must make hay while the sun shines." Egotism thus prevents them from seeing, that, by thus yielding to temptation, they are forming habits that will stick to them even more closely than the "Old man of the sea" is said to have clung to Sinbad the sailor. Those who are most eager in their strivings for liberty are, therefore, most likely to become slaves; they exchange the parental rule of our blessed Saviour for the galling servitude of imperious lusts and passions. The tempters, who meet the young man at the beginning of his course, are constantly calling upon him to be *free*, free from the influence of his Church and family, free even from the moral restraints of respectable society; but how truly does St. Peter tell us, "While they promise them liberty, they themselves are the subjects of corruption; for of whomsoever a man is overcome, of the same is he brought in bondage."

While the young are indulging in excesses, under the impression that they are enjoying their youthful freedom, they do not reflect, that their evil habits will soon become as fixed as the coral reefs of the ocean. The boy, who thinks he shows his manliness by drinking his first glass of intoxicating liquor, does not dream that, in the language of the Arabian tale, "the Afreet who is now his servant will soon become his master." Would that, as the necromancer of old time sometimes pretended, he beheld the future in his glass. Alas! he does not see the imploring eyes of a pallid wife; he does not hear the moans of ragged children; he does not behold himself going down to the grave "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

When he approaches for the first time the dwelling-place of her "whose door is near to hell," whom with all the better instincts of his soul he still regards with unutterable loathing, he does not think that at her impure caresses his manly beauty will fade away like a flower before the blasts of autumn; that horrible and unnamable disease will soon invade his body; and that, with a corrupted soul, his vices will ere long drive him into a dark eternity.

Ah! it is a sad sight to behold the thoughtless multitude who are thus, in various ways, joyously hurrying onward towards destruction. The young clerk at first abstracting a little money from his employer's till, then taking larger sums, then forging the



name of the firm, and bringing up at last in the penitentiary. The young man who, "just for fun," plays a game of cards for some trifling stake, unmindful of the fact that all his property may soon be sacrificed at the card-table, and with it his good name, and all his temporal and eternal happiness.

Such scenes arise before our mind's eye not singly but in scores. Do you, for instance, remember having read in the papers that a large reward was offered for the apprehension of "the notorious J— L——, the alleged leader of a gang of counterfeiters, and the leading spirit in a great robbery a few years ago?" I remember the time when he was the acknowledged leader of the youthful circle in which he moved. Tall and graceful, always dressed in exquisite taste, and spending money with a lavish hand, he commanded the admiration of his companions of all sexes and ages. Shall I confess that we sometimes felt depressed, because we were not rich enough to dress as he did? Little did we dream that, like a brilliant meteor, his light would soon be quenched in utter darkness.

The history of his downfall is soon related. It is the old story which may be comprised in three words, "Cards, courtesans, and the cup," the most dangerous C's in all the world. Whether he is living or dead, I cannot tell. One of his relatives recently said, "He is certainly not in this country. America is too hot to hold him." Wherever he may be, there is but little hope for him. A soul that is in youth so deeply impressed with the image and superscription of Satan is but rarely delivered from temporal and eternal destruction.

We confess that this is an extreme case, and yet it is but one of many. It shows us how abilities may be prostituted, opportunities neglected, and the very qualities which command the highest admiration of our companions become the chief instrumentalities of our ruin. How important then, it is, that we should resist evil at the very beginning, always remembering that a pure and pious youth is the only assurance of a happy old age and a blissful eternity.

We conclude with a few words of warning, which we trust will be as kindly received as they are affectionately offered.

*Avoid the company of the wicked.* You may, indeed, sometimes be mistaken as to the real character of those whom you imagine to be your nearest and dearest friends; but as a rule, you will not go wrong in heeding the general verdict of the community. If a young man bears a bad reputation, beware of becoming intimate with him. He will ruin you socially, for it is generally believed that "birds of a feather flock together;" and he will injure you religiously, for "it is impossible to touch pitch without being defiled."



If you are in doubt as to the suitability of a young man to be your companion and friend, listen carefully to his conversation, and you will soon know what manner of man he is. If, for instance, he is evidently an admirer of fast horses, knows to the sixteenth of a second the best running or trotting time ever made by the fastest nags in the country, and is willing to take you to the very next race for the purpose of putting you in the way of making money on the result, I think you had better beware of him. If he shows by his conversation that he is a faithful reader of the "New York Clipper," "Day's Doings," or "Police Gazette;" knows exactly when the "champion of America" is going to pummel the "British bruiser," and is ready at any time to travel many miles to see a prize-fight, do not cultivate his acquaintance. If, moreover, he can tell you a great deal about cards, is perfectly familiar with all the games that can be played with them, such as drawing whatever card he chooses from the pack without looking at it, let him win all the money he may from "greenhorns," but do not give him a chance at yours. If your acquaintance should turn out to be one of the corner-loafers who disgrace the town, who gather in clusters at the most prominent places, and insult and disgust the respectable portion of the community by their boisterous, profane and indecent conversation, have nothing to do with him. You cannot elevate him, and he will not rest until he has brought you down to his own level. If, on the other hand he should be found to have reached the opposite extreme of corruption, if he should turn out to be one of those "nice young men," who claim to be wiser than all the world beside; who talk about the Church as "a good sort of place for the women and children," bid him good morning in the politest manner, and do not call again.

"Finally, brethren," says St. Paul, "we command you in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw yourselves from every one that walketh disorderly," but "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think of these things."

*Another important warning to the young, to which, however, we have already incidentally referred, is to guard vigilantly against the formation of any evil habit.* It is easy to nip evil in the bud; but who can uproot it when full blown? The Bible says, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil." Beware, then, how you habitually indulge in any sin, however venial it may appear to be; for it will prove the weak point in your defences, through



which the enemy will force his way and take possession of the citadel of your soul.

*Be careful what you read.* The mind is like a vase whose condition depends on what you put into it. In the present age of the general diffusion of literature, there are thousands who read everything that comes in their way, good, bad, or indifferent; and, as a natural result their memory is overburdened by a mass of miscellaneous facts and fancies, which will never be of any practical value. Of course, it is impossible to lay down rules that will be suitable to every case—in such matters every one must be a law to himself, on account of the infinite variety of our mental constitution. In general, however, we would say, with a distinguished writer: "Let your reading be safe. Not many novels, not a perpetual round of angry politics, not a constant poring over theological controversies." On the other hand, read those books which command the admiration and approval of the good and wise—the Bible, of course, first and foremost, and then those books of devotion which are sanctioned by the Church to which you belong. Beyond these, if you have leisure, read books of theology, science, history, poetry, or whatever else may come into your way that will probably exert a beneficial influence on your mind and heart. It is best to read with a definite object; to select a certain subject, and then determine to understand it thoroughly; learning some new fact or principle every day, and storing it away carefully in the memory. In this way a young man may become eminent in the particular vocation or profession to which he may devote his energies; and to do so will not only be fulfilling a duty, but it will be a powerful guard against the formation of evil habits.

Finally, if you would fulfill the object of your creation, if you would be happy in this world and in the world to come, devote your whole heart, soul and life to the service of God. Without Christ you can do nothing. Be true, then, to the covenant which God formed with you in your baptism; to the Church which He has established for your salvation. Thus living the life of Christ on earth, you may trustingly and joyfully await the hour

"When Death shall gently bind you fast  
To the bright shores of love."

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FAITH is the blessed tree which produces the noble and divine fruits of wisdom, virtue, and true felicity. But it is of so fine and delicate a nature that it will not grow and thrive in the cold and barren soil of a man's heart without his incessant care and industry.

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THE FIRST HOMICIDE.

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(From the German of H. Jäde).

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BY C. G. A. H.

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On a hill stood the plain altars, which the sons of Adam had erected to offer upon them their sacrifices to the Lord. Along one side of the hill stretched a mighty forest, on whose edge could be seen a patch of newly cultivated land. On the other side rolled a majestic stream, all along whose winding course the eye rested on boundless steppes, which were interrupted only here and there by solitary groups of trees.

The sun was declining to rest. The sons of Adam had prepared their offerings, Abel having laid a sheep of his flock upon his altar, Cain some fruits of the field on his. The fires were kindled and each kneeled before his altar.

Their eyes and hands raised toward heaven, and their hearts full of reverence and gratitude, they prayed: "Accept in mercy, what Thou hast first bestowed!"

The eye of Abel followed the column of smoke ascending from his altar towards the cloudless heavens; it seemed to him as though the glory of God should be revealed to him whilst God was receiving his offering. Heavenly peace filled his enraptured soul.

The eyes of Cain likewise followed the direction of the smoke arising from his offering, but not towards the serene blue of the heavens. But, as if repelled in its course, the smoke arising from his altar curved downward to the earth, and, creeping slowly along the ground, it hovered over the waters of the stream, following its winding course into the desolate steppes.

Cain endeavored by force to withdraw his eyes from it and direct them toward heaven; but again they were fastened upon the stream of smoke.

Then he said to himself: "Why does the Lord God despise our sacrifices?" And he looked over to Abel.

But, behold! the smoke of *his* offering went directly upward, and Abel was following it with enraptured eye, as if he had just beheld the glory of God.

Then Cain fell to the ground crying: "Lord, what have I done, that Thou art despising my sacrifice? Be merciful and do not exalt Abel above me!"



And his eyes again fastened upon the smoke of his offering; then rolling in a circle, they fastened obliquely on Abel's column of smoke. Now he started up with a wild countenance; then again he seemed lost in deep thought. An awful contest arose in his soul; for a voice said to him: "Do not yield to thy passions, but rule over them."

The enraged man pressed his fists to his forehead, eyes and mouth, as though he would press his rage and despair out of the wrinkles of his forehead, his rolling eyes and quivering lips. Then, apparently calmed, he picked up the pointed instrument, with which he tilled the soil, and proceeded to walk to his father's cave.

But he could not avoid casting another look at Abel. He saw, how that the last cloudlets of the smoke were glorified by the fiery sun as by the smile of God. His eye fastened upon this scene, he walked forward, his steps following the direction of his eye.

He stopped at the side of Abel, and after a brief silence, he said: "Tell me, Abel, why does God look graciously upon thy sacrifice, and why does He despise mine?"

"I am in His favor!" said Abel, with a bright countenance.

Then Cain pressed his lips together, and only the word "Why?" hissed forth from them. But Abel replied: "Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen? If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest evil, sin resteth at thy door."

Had Cain perhaps expected a kinder reply from his brother, who appeared to be exalted above him? And did the given reply pain him the more severely, because he had received the same reproof a short time before? At any rate, Cain trembled as if a contest was waging within him; then he began to scoff at Abel, until his rage violently burst asunder all fetters—sin had really entered the door of his heart and was ruling over him.

"Ah! is that thy language? thou darling of the Lord! thou lamb-hearted shepherd! Is it because I am rough from hard labor in the field of thorns, which God has cursed on account of father Adam's sin,—that I am unacceptable? Go thou also and dig in the field until thy arms are bruised and thy back sore, and then tell me whether thou canst be friendly and pleasant!—*There!* (striking him) feel such pains in thy arms, back and head and then be friendly and pleasant, and exalt thyself above me!"

A scream of anguish—a grappling—wrestling—and Abel was lying on the ground, Cain on the top, panting and furious.

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The victor arose. The vanquished remained lying—motionless, noiseless, breathless.

He walked down the hill, his heart full of defiance;—but he



slackened his pace. He became filled with fear and anxiety, he knew himself not why.

Now he stood still; the form of his father appeared before his inward eye, for he had always severely rebuked the quarrels of his sons.

He looked around. Abel was still lying motionless on the same spot.

A dog of Abel's herd ran up to his master, howling dolefully and licking him.

The peaks of the mountains turned blood-red in the rays of the setting sun. Gloomy clouds gathered thickly on the horizon, and a storm rushed violently through the roaring forest. Abel's sheep pressed close together, bleating piteously. *Abel did not move.*

Cain saw that a rain-storm was impending. He began to be troubled about Abel and about himself, in case the former should not return home to his parents with his sheep before the night and the rain-storm. He went back to the spot where Abel was still lying.

As he was approaching, the dog sprang upon him as if mad, and bit him. Cain defended himself—and killed him.

He started at the beast, as it was writhing in its blood; its limbs moved convulsively, it raised its breast for the last time with a doleful groan, stretched out its limbs and then projected the tongue—it had expired.

Cain shuddered. He looked on Abel. Tremblingly he fled. Behind him was rolling the thunder of the impending storm.

—Cain, where is thy brother Abel?

—Father, shall I be the guardian of my brother? I suppose he is in the cave with his sheep.

—My son Cain, why dost thou tremble thus, when the lightning illumines the cave?

Oh, mother Eve, the Lord is awful in the lightning of His rage, and in the thunder of His threatening.

—The thunders of God are rolling and His lightnings and rains are lashing the earth. The Lord is casting the lightnings out of his hand, and with the storm of His mouth He is blowing down the cedars. Whom is His wrath seeking, that He may strike him?

—O, father Adam! the wind is blowing, whence does He come? He strikes to the ground, whoever stands in His way——

A flash of lightning, accompanied by a crash of thunder, interrupted the conversation of the three persons in the cave.

The lightning had struck into a mighty cedar, casting it to the ground and setting fire to it. The three inmates of the cave fell on their faces and worshiped God; Adam and Eve thanking Him for the gift of fire—Cain trembling and struck with terror.

About dusk Adam went out to look after Abel. The thunder was still rolling and the rain was dropping from the forest branches. He found him not in the cave, where the sheep were kept, neither were the sheep in the cave. Then he walked out of the forest and looked towards the hill.

On the hill Cain was standing. He had the appearance of a statue, his outlines distinctly marked in the glaring light of the setting sun, reflected on the passing clouds. Adam ascended the hill. There was lying Abel, his garments soaked by the rain, his face distorted, his mouth and eyes open! As Adam approached, Cain started back with sudden fear and fell to the ground. But Adam cried:

“Son Abel! my child! Why art thou lying here? Did the Lord cast thee down by His thunder and punish thee with His rain? Son Abel! My child! Arise!”

And he shook him harder and harder, and cried into his ears: “Son Abel! My child! my child!”

And as he looked around he saw the dog also lying on the ground—with surprise he ran over to him; he touched him; the dog was cold! the dog was dead! “Cold! Dead!”

He hastily returned to Abel, he felt his hand—Abel was also cold! Might it perhaps be possible, that man can also die like the animal? He felt him again; he put his ear to Abel’s mouth; all was quiet! no breath, no pulse! Abel was cold, cold as the dead animal!

“Lord, can we die, Lord? die like a slaughtered beast? Lord! Lord! is Abel dead? His muscles are stiff, his cheeks pale as snow, his body cold as the body of a reptile! His breath does not move! His pulse does not beat! His eyes give no light!”

“When thou didst drive us out of Thy Paradise, Thou saidst to me, that the earth should be cursed, bearing thorns and thistles; that I should eat the herbs of the field in the sweat of my brow. Lord, Lord! when we were pulling nettles and bushes, and the root of the juniper tree was our food; when we were satisfying our gnawing desire, our severe hunger; then we did not think that we could also *die* if we would not eat! For when Thou saidst, we should again return to the dust, of which we are made, we did not understand it! But now I know that Thou hast delivered us over into the grasp of death; now I know that I have become a brother to the wolves, which we slay, and a fellow of the serpents which we tread under our foot! Now I know, that we may not only strike one another so as to cause pain; but we can strike one another so as to put an end to our lives! Now thou hast made us to tremble for fear that we may die at any hour; that we may pass away, as one turneth his hand and winketh with his eyes! When



we are digging in the earth, the pointed pole can put the soul out of our bodies; and when we are watching our flocks, a lion may overtake us and devour us, as he devours a lamb. We flee from the falling tree, because it may strike us to the ground; and from the rushing stream, because it may bury us in its floods. We flee from the fire, which Thou hast given us, because it may burn us to ashes; and from Thy lightnings, because they may destroy us. For, alas! death has come amongst us, and we know that he is ever about us. One breath may extinguish the flame of our lives, like the wind does the burning torch. When we fall there may be no rising, and when we sleep there may be no awaking. Who knows, then, where the sting of death may threaten? Who can tell all his ways? He comes with the pain, which we drive from us, and with the sweetness, which we drink. Death will lead us to the dance, and invite us to the cool fountain, in order to overtake us; we may choke when laughing; we may die even for joy. Oh, that we might only be extinguished, as the burning torch by the fleeting breath of the wind. But woe unto our children! They will call upon death as their helper, and they will be the servants of death. But who was it, that called on death and showed him the way to us men? *Lord, who killed Abel?* If *Thou* hast done it by Thy lightnings, I must suffer it, for Thou art the Lord. Was it a beast, tell me where I may find it? Or, could it be possible, a brother kill his brother—at Thy altar, Lord!—Lord—in a quarrel for Thy favor? Cain! why is thy pole so bloody? Why so wild thy countenance? Cain! Cain! what hast thou done!”

Cain fled, as if lashed by invisible spirits, into the desolate, dismal steppes. The father of men fell senseless to the ground, and his wife lay at his side, pulling her hair, trembling and sighing without tears.

But on the horizon a rainbow was forming; butterflies fluttered over their heads; from the trees was echoing the warbling of merry birds, and the flowers breathed more strongly their odors. The wonderful, renewing after-effect of the storm touched the senses of the broken-hearted parents of the human race; they looked about, they listened, they breathed freer; hand in hand they sat there and wept. But Adam said:

“Shall we not love each other infinitely, since we are become infinitely miserable? Ah, why grieve and vex one another, since death is so near us? Why envy one another, since we are all in the same pit? Why in pride think ourselves above others, since we are all on a level? Why take revenge, since destruction awaits us all? Shall we not forgive each other our offences, since we all have equally sinned and incurred the penalty of death?”



## AN ARABIAN QUEEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

About forty miles from Beirut, near the ancient city of Sidon, in Syria, is a conical hill, crowned with the remains of a castle-like residence. The hill resembles a pyramid, and is five hundred feet high. The ruins on the top were once the dwelling-place of Lady Hester Stanhope.

She was a grand-daughter of the great Earl of Chatham, and was born in 1776. Her father, the Earl of Stanhope, was a violent red republican. Her mother having died when she was quite young, her uncle, William Pitt, the younger, adopted and brought her up. Pitt had a mortal hatred of red republicanism, and taught the child better views. This led her father to disown her. Her genius made her a favorite in her uncle's family. Pitt died a poor man, but was the means of securing an annual pension of \$6,000 from the British Government, for his niece. Her wealth, beauty, and intelligence, brought her many suitors. Only one of these, Sir John Moore, she learned to love, but never married.

She early imbibed a restless, roving disposition, and an aversion to the surroundings of civilized life. After traveling much in Europe, she started on an extensive journey in the East. She took with her a great company of attendants, and a large amount of property. Overtaken by a storm, the vessel bearing her, was wrecked, on a fragment of which, she floated to a desert island. There she remained twenty-four hours without food or help of any kind, musing over the loss of her jewels and property, fallen to the bottom of the sea. At length she was found by some fishermen, who brought her to the island of Rhodes.

In her poverty she returned to England, and brought her remaining fortune to the East. For a while, she took up her abode on the coast of Syria. Here, by a course of dieting and exercise, her weak body became strong as that of an Amazon. She studied the Arab language, which she learned to speak fluently, and made herself familiar with the manners and usages of the country. Her love of adventure led her into the most unfrequented parts of the desert of Arabia, and Mesopotamia. She organized a large caravan, and loaded her camels with rich presents for the Arabs, which she distributed with lavish hand along the course of her journey. Traveling on such a grand scale, she attracted and charmed



the wild children of the East. Every noted place in Syria, she honored with a visit. Her rich presents and large caravan, wrought the fertile imagination of the untutored Arabs to its highest pitch. Gifts bordering on the miraculous were ascribed to her, and wonders like those of the Arabian Nights, were related in many a tribal encampment of the fair-skinned charmer. At Palmyra, hordes of wandering Arabs, to the number of forty or fifty thousand, assembled around her tent. Her beauty, grace, and splendor, brought whole tribes to her feet as cheerful subjects. They proclaimed her "Queen of Palmyra." Powerful tribes handed her firmans (articles of agreement), certifying that every European receiving her protection, might travel through their respective countries in the desert, with perfect safety, by paying to them a specified tribute.

On her return from Palmyra, she narrowly escaped being captured. Her supposed wealth, tempted the plunder-loving Arabs, of a hostile tribe. Her fleet Arab horse, carried her beyond danger, in twenty-four hours—during which, she traveled with incredible speed.

Traveling inland from Sidon, one enters upon a succession of wild, barren hills, without vegetation or soil. From a mountain top you look down into a valley deeper and broader than the rest, bordered by bleak bald mountains. Out of the midst of this valley, rises the mountain of Djoun, like Tabor out of Jezreel. On this hill top, a wealthy Christian of Damascus, owned a house, a sort of country seat. Weary of her wandering, Lady Stanhope bought this house, as her future dwelling-place. She added some twenty-five or thirty rooms to the building; enclosed several acres around the dwelling with a high wall, which gave her home the appearance of a strong mountain fortress. There she lived many years, in a style of oriental splendor. Dignified household officers waited on her, and many young females, black and white, whom she endeavored to educate. A vast horde of Arabs followed her to her mountain home, a few to aid her with their labor, the most to plunder her. All the water needed for her large family, and for watering her gardens had to be brought on mules a distance of three or four miles, from the valley below. As long as she lavished gifts on her Arab followers, they revered her as the "Queen of the Desert." When she had no more to give, they deserted her—even some of the servants she had brought with her from Europe withdrew, and left her desolate and poor.

She dressed like an emeer (a Turkish prince). A traveler visiting her in 1832, says: "I was introduced into her cabinet by a little negro child. It was so extremely dark, that it was with difficulty I could distinguish her noble, grave, yet mild and majes-



tic features, clad in an oriental costume. She rose from the divan (cushion on the floor), advanced, and offered me her hand. She appeared to be about fifty years of age; but she possessed those personal traits which years cannot alter. Freshness, color, and grace, depart with youth; but when beauty resides in the form itself, in purity of expression, in dignity, in majesty, and a thoughtful countenance, whether in man or woman, this beauty may change with the different periods of life, but it does not pass away—it eminently characterized the person of Lady Hester Stanhope. She wore a white turban, and on her forehead was a purple-colored woolen fillet, which fell on each side of her head as low as her shoulders. A long yellow Cashmere shawl, and an immense Turkish robe of white silk, with flowing sleeves, enveloped all her person in simple and majestic folds, while an opening of these folds upon the bosom, displayed a tunic of rich Persian stuff, covered with flowers, which was attached around the neck by a clasp of pearls. Turkish yellow morocco boots embroidered with silk, completed this beautiful oriental costume, which she wore with that freedom and grace, as if she had never used any other from her youth.”

To many of the lawless children of the desert, she was a counsellor and judge. An Arab suspected his wife of talking too much with strangers. He tried to strangle her. Thinking she was dead, he began to put her under the earth. The sand falling on her body revealed symptoms of life. He repented, and brought his half-dead wife to the “Queen” on the mountain. He stated that his wife had been unfaithful, and he harsh and cruel in trying to kill her, before consulting his great friend. Lady Stanhope sent the poor woman to a comfortable room, and had her bled and nursed. To the husband she said: “My good friend, your wife’s star has been consulted; take her back in peace, and thank God you have her; for it is written in the stars, ‘On vain surmises thou shalt not strangle thy wife, neither shalt thou hearken to the slanderers of her honor.’” The Arab held out his hand, to his resurrected spouse, and she kissed it. Away they walked together, as if nothing had happened. “Are you not afraid he will try again to kill you?” asked Lady Stanhope. “Is he not my husband?” was the cool reply. “Has he not a right to kill me, if he suspects me of doing wrong?”

Dr. Thomson, missionary in Beirut, knew her personally, and buried her. He says: “On most subjects she was not merely sane, but sensible, well informed, and extremely shrewd. She possessed extraordinary powers of conversation, and was perfectly fascinating to all with whom she chose to make herself agreeable. She was, however, whimsical, imperious, tyrannical, and, at times, revengeful in a high



degree. Bold as a lion, she wore the dress of an emeer, weapons, pipe, and all; nor did she fail to rule her Albanian guards and her servants with absolute authority. She kept spies in the principal cities, and at the residences of pashas and emeers, and knew everything that was going forward in the country. With Mr. Abbott and his lady, she would sit out the longest nights talking over those stirring times of the last century and the beginning of the present, with exhaustless spirit and keen delight. But nothing could tempt her back to England. At length, her income was curtailed in order to pay off her numerous debts. She was furious but unsubdued. In her mountain nest, and all alone, she dragged out the remnant of her days in haughty pride and stubborn independence.

She could be extremely sarcastic, and her satire was often terrible. Many of her letters, and the margin of books which I purchased at the auction, are "illustrated" with her caustic criticisms. There was no end to her eccentricities. In some things she was a devout believer—an unbeliever in many. She read the stars, and dealt in nativities, and a sort of second-sight, by which she pretended to foretell future events. She practiced alchemy, and in pursuit of this vain science, was often closeted with strange companions. She had a mare, whose back-bone sank suddenly down at the shoulders, and rose abruptly near the hips. This deformity her vivid imagination converted into a miraculous saddle, on which, she was to ride into Jerusalem, as queen, by the side of some sort of messiah, who was to introduce a fancied millenium. Another mare had a part to play in this august pageant, and both were tended with extraordinary care. A lamp was kept burning in their very comfortable apartments, and they were served with sherbet (a sort of Turkish lemonade), and other delicacies. Nothing about the premises so excited my compassion as these poor pampered brutes, upon which Lady Hester had lavished her choicest affections for the last fourteen years. They were soon after (her death) sold at auction, when hard work and low living quickly terminated their miserable existence.

Lady Hester was a doctor, and most positive in her prescriptions to herself, her servants, her horses, and even to her chickens, and often did serious mischief to all her patients. She was wholly and magnificently unique. Now riding at the head of wild Arabs, queen of the desert; now intriguing with mad pashas and vulgar emeers; at one time, treating with contempt, consuls, generals, and nobles, bidding defiance to law, and thrashing the officers sent to her lodge; at another, resorting to all sorts of mean shifts, to elude or confound her creditors; to-day, charitable and kind to the poor, to-morrow, oppressive, selfish and tyrannical in the extreme. I



should like to read the long, dark, interior life of such a being, but not to live it. Alas! she must have drained to the dregs many a bitter cup. Her sturdy spirit here fought out all alone a thousand desperate battles, and lost them all. Let those who are tempted to revolt against society, and war with nature, God, and man, come to Dahr June—sit on the fragments of this broken tomb, amid ruins without beauty to charm, or age to make venerable—itself a ruin of yesterday, and sinking fast to hopeless oblivion. Will such an end pay for such a life?”

The British Consul at Beirut, requested Dr. Thomson to perform the religious services at her funeral. They started together on a Sunday noon, and reached her dwelling at midnight, and at once proceeded to bury her. They found her body wrapped in waxed cloths and dipped in turpentine and spirits. The premises were alive with her servants. A vault in the garden was opened, and the bones of a French general buried therein, placed at the head of it. “The body, in a plain deal box, was carried by her servants to the grave, followed by a mixed company, with torches and lanterns, to enable them to thread their way through the winding alleys of the garden. The first thing I saw at the grave, were the bones of the general in a ghastly heap, with the head on top, having a lighted taper stuck in either eye-socket—a hideous grinning spectacle.

“The morning after the funeral, the Consul and I went round the premises, and examined thirty-five rooms, which had been sealed up by the Vice-Consul of Sidon to prevent robbery. They were full of trash. One had forty or fifty oil jars, of French manufacture, old, empty and dusty. Another was crammed with Arab saddles, moth-eaten, tattered, and torn. They had belonged to her mounted guard. Superannuated pipe-stems, without bowls, filled one room. Two more were devoted to medicines, and another to books and papers, mostly in boxes and ancient chests. Nothing of much value was found anywhere, and the seals were replaced to await legal action.”

Lady Hester told Mrs. Thomson, that once when she was supposed to be dying of plague, she could hear her servants breaking open her chests, and ripping off the embossed covers of her cushions. “Oh didn’t I vow,” said she, “that if I recovered I would make a scattering of them?” And she performed her vow. During her last lingering illness nothing escaped her rapacious servants.

What a death! Without a European attendant—without a friend, male or female—alone, on the top of this bleak mountain, her lamp of life grew dimmer and more dim, until it went quite out in hopeless, rayless night. Such was the end of the once gay and brilliant niece of Pitt, presiding in the saloons of the master-



spirit of Europe, and familiar with the intrigues of kings and cabinets.

Once the little mountain villa seemed a sort of earthly Paradise. Now the white wall around the confused assemblage of cottages, which formed the abode of the "Sittee Inglis," or English lady, is levelled to the earth. "Not a dog, cat, or even lizard appears to relieve the utter solitude. Her tomb is sadly changed. Once embowered in dense shrubbery, and covered with an arbor of running roses, of which not a vestige now remains, and the stones of the vault itself are broken and displaced. There is no inscription, not a word in any language, and unless more carefully protected than hitherto, the last resting-place of her ladyship will soon be entirely lost."

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## SONNETS.

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BY R. LEIGHTON GERHART.

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With waveless, gliding motion still and slow,  
 Between thy steadfast banks and shadowy trees,  
 O, calm, cold stream thy waters onward flow  
 Unmoved by what in life can pain or please;  
 And yet, across this three-arched old stone bridge  
 Through many years, a century or more,  
 From yon bright plain, and down this woody ridge,  
 Both age and youth their joys and sorrows bore;  
 In every form that life did ere assume,  
 Or horrid war, or fell disease beget,  
 To wedding feast, or mourning to the tomb,  
 They came their way and went their way;—and yet  
 O, calm, cold stream thy waters onward flow  
 With waveless, gliding motion still, and slow.

So fair the evening and so holy still,  
 It seems as if the oft told peace and joy  
 That reigned in Paradise, ere Adam fell  
 To mar himself and all that peace destroy,  
 Once more, from every tree, and shrub, and flower,  
 Hill, plain, and cloud with heavenly influence  
 Breathed forth upon the world and charmed the hour,  
 Giving to each awak'ning thought and sense  
 Experience such, the soul is bound to hold  
 Itself a creature for another realm,  
 Where perfect happiness and peace untold  
 Shall be but native to it; but cares o'erwhelm  
 It now, and force it ever more to fight,—  
 A life in darkness struggling t'ward the light.



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THE MONEY OF THE BIBLE.

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BY REV. J. H. DUBBS.

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NO. V.

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*The Money of the Herods.*

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“The air is full of farewells to the dying  
And mournings for the dead.  
The heart of Rachel for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted.”—*Longfellow.*

An aged man once confessed to the writer, that he had for years been troubled by an apparent contradiction in the Gospel narrative. “How was it possible,” he inquired, “that Herod should have been still alive at the time of the crucifixion, when it is expressly stated that he died during our Saviour’s infancy?” The simple solution of the difficulty, that there were a number of princes bearing the name of Herod, had never suggested itself to his mind; yet though we may smile at such simplicity, there are probably but few persons who can rehearse from memory the names of all the Herodian princes mentioned in the Scriptures, and correctly point out the passages which directly refer to each one of them.

The name Herod is supposed to signify *heroic*, but why, or when it was first applied to the blood-thirsty family of Idumean princes that reigned over the Holy Land in the time of our Saviour, it would now be impossible to say with any degree of certainty. It is, moreover, exceedingly difficult to determine the exact number of princes who bore the name of Herod, on account of the frequent recurrence of the same name in their family history; but the Rev. Mr. Westcott has constructed a genealogical table in which appear the names of no less than forty-six persons who were acknowledged princes and princesses of the Herodian stock. Our subject, however, allows us to mention those only who are mentioned in the Bible, all of whom, with a single exception, coined money of which specimens are still in existence.

The real founder of the dynasty was

## HEROD THE GREAT.

He was the son of Antipater, a procurator of Judea during the reign of Julius Caesar. His forefathers, who were Edomites, had



accepted the Jewish religion, but it would seem as though the whole family had cared very little for religion of any kind, and had used it merely as a means of promoting their own personal aggrandizement.

Herod the Great derived his power exclusively from the Romans, whom he managed to keep in a good humor by improving his dominions and paying tribute promptly, and was, therefore, permitted to tyrannize unmercifully over his own countrymen. After reigning in great magnificence for thirty-three years, he died in the year of the birth of Christ, having first given orders that a number of prominent Jews, whom he had imprisoned in the Hippodrome at Jericho, should be executed immediately after his death, in order that mourners might not be wanting at his funeral. It must have been while he suffered from his fatal illness, that he caused the destruction of the infants of Bethlehem—the first of “the noble army of martyrs,” concerning whom we sing :

“Not by willing, but by dying,  
Slaughtered babes proclaim Thy praise.”—Matt. ii. 16.

Herod coined no silver or gold, for the simple reason that the Romans never permitted tributary nations to coin the precious metals ; but the copper coinage of his reign is extensive and various. The inscriptions are all in Greek, and the emblems are for the most part chosen indiscriminately from Jewish worship and Roman mythology, but Herod, nevertheless, deferred to the prejudices of his people in so far as not to have on his money representations of any living being. A very fine specimen, however, has on one side, a helmet like that worn by Alexander the Great, while the other represents the Macedonian shield. These devices corroborate the statement of some ancient writers, that Herod pretended to be descended from the Macedonian kings.

#### HEROD ARCHELAUS

Was a son of Herod the Great and Malthace, a Samaritan woman. He reigned in his father's stead in Judea. Matt. ii. 22. Imagining, like Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, that “his little finger was thicker than his father's loins,” he committed many cruel deeds, so that it is not surprising that Joseph was afraid to return to Judea. At last, however, his oppressed subjects gained the ear of Augustus, and in A. D. 6 Archelaus was removed from the government, and banished to Vienne in Gaul, where he soon died. His dominions were confiscated and attached to the Roman empire, and were thenceforth administered by governors appointed by the emperor. It was on this account that Pontius Pilate ruled



in Jerusalem at the time of the death of Christ, instead of one of the descendants of Herod the Great.

The money of Archelaus is not particularly interesting. We learn from it, however, that he was officially known as "Herod the Ethnarch," a fact of which we would otherwise have remained ignorant. The devices are generally a helmet, the prow of a ship, a bunch of grapes, or even the caduceus of Mercury.

#### HEROD ANTIPAS,

A half-brother of the preceding, is known in the Gospel as Herod the Tetrarch, a title which signifies that he ruled over the fourth part of his father's dominions. He was first married to a daughter of Aretas, king of Arabia; but afterwards wickedly persuaded the wife of his half-brother, Philip I, to leave her husband and live with him. The Evangelist represents him as cruel, tyrannical, and unscrupulous, though his government was somewhat milder than that of his brother Archelaus, of whom Joseph was afraid. This is the Herod who is most frequently mentioned in the Gospel narrative. It was he who put John the Baptist to death, and who mocked Christ before His crucifixion. Matt. xiv. 9; Luke iii. 19; xiii. 31; xxiii. 7.

The fate of Antipas was very similar to that of Archelaus. Through the machinations of his nephew Agrippa, he was deprived of the government, and banished to Gaul, where he died A. D. 39.

The coins of Herod Antipas generally bear, as their chief device, a palm branch, which is believed to have been the emblem of the city of Tiberias, which he founded

#### HEROD PHILIP I.

Was omitted from the will of his father, on account of the supposed complicity of his mother, Mariamne, in certain treasonable plots. He is mentioned several times in Scripture, as the husband of Herodias. Matt. xiv. 3; Mark vi. 17; Luke iii. 19. As this Philip never reigned, there are, of course, no coins that bear his name.

#### HEROD PHILIP II.,

Also a half-brother of the preceding, is mentioned only once in the Scriptures, as "Tetrach of Iturea and of the region of Trachonitis." Luke iii. 1. He married "Salome the Dancer," and was the founder of the city of Cesarea Philippi, which is several times referred to in the Gospels. Matt. xvi. 13; Mark viii. 27. Philip was the first Jewish monarch who coined money bearing the effigy of the emperor; "But," says Madden, "a son of Herod is not likely to have scruples to break the national law to flatter



the master of the world." On the reverse of these coins is a temple, which may have been intended to represent the one at Jerusalem, or perhaps that which Herod the Great had erected at Panium and dedicated to Caesar. This prince was undoubtedly the best of the Herods. He reigned thirty-four years, and died childless, universally lamented by his subjects.

#### HEROD AGRIPPA I.

Was a son of Aristobulus, and grandson of Herod the Great. Being a successful and unscrupulous courtier, he succeeded in supplanting his uncle Antipas in the favor of Caligula, who conferred upon him extensive dominions. He was a strict Jew, and was, therefore, very popular with the Pharisees. It was for the purpose of increasing this popularity, that he "stretched forth his hands to vex the Church, and killed James the brother of John with the sword." Acts xii. 1, 2.

The fearful death of this king is described at length in the twelfth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. While receiving the deputies of Tyre and Sidon, at Cesarea Philippi, he was suddenly seized with severe internal pains, for not rebuking the people who saluted him as God, "and he was eaten of worms and gave up the ghost." Acts xii. 23.

The money coined by this monarch was of two series, one purely Roman, bearing the head of the emperor, with various mythological figures; while the other, intended probably for circulation among the Jews, represents an umbrella, or canopy, which is a symbol of regal dignity in all oriental countries, and three ears of wheat springing from a single stalk.

#### HEROD AGRIPPA II.,

A son of the preceding, was the "King Agrippa," who, with his sister Bernice, gave an audience to St. Paul, when the latter was a prisoner at Cesarea Philippi. It was he who said, perhaps ironically, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Acts xxvi. 28.

Agrippa reigned fifty-two years, and died in Rome, A. D. 100. His money is chiefly interesting from the fact, that, in several instances, it bears his portrait, and he is, therefore, the only one of the Herodian princes whose features have been preserved. His profile would seem to have been more Grecian than Jewish.

There were other Herods, besides those we have mentioned, who were eminent in the history of their nation; but we think we have enumerated all those to whom reference is made in the New Testament. We part with them without the least regret. They



were "a bad set;" and the faithful chronicler might well have concluded his record of the family in words similar to those employed by one of the poets on the occasion of the death of the last of a more modern dynasty:

"Agrippa then from earth descended,  
The Lord be praised! the Herods ended."

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### THE WATCHMAN'S CALL.

BY THE EDITOR.

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In the days of my boyhood the watchmen or night police of our Pennsylvania towns were in the habit of telling the drowsy people with a loud voice, what time of night it was. Now they silently and slyly go their hourly rounds as if afraid to disturb the watchdogs in passing. In a small garret room of my boarding-house, I received many a pleasant thought from the pattering of rain on the roof, the rattling of sleet against the window, and the watchman's cry. Sweet was the sleep of those stormy wintry nights, in the cozy student's-bed. Its sweetness had remained unfelt in unconsciousness, but for the faithful hourly call: "Pee-a-aa-st wou-o-on o-o'clee-ock, a-and a cle-oudy mo-orning." Sometimes his odd announcement could be faintly heard through the still night air, when yet squares off. Louder and louder came his voice, till right below my window he would tell me whether it was a "stee-ar light" or "snee-owy" morning. Ere the last echoes of his cry had died away, the blessed power of sleep bore me unto the world of sorrowless rest.

The watchmen of Germany and Switzerland usually chant a devotional hymn to announce the hour of night. Being invited to spend an evening with Pastor B—— in Schaffhausen, I returned to my place of lodging, at the Hotel "Zur Gans," at a late hour. The daughters played and sang sweetly. One of them spoke English almost as well as her native tongue, and Italian and French equally well. Parents and children vied kindly to entertain and bless the traveling stranger. Was it a wonder that the hours of evening fled by before I was aware of it? It was a cloudy night. The narrow street through which I blindly groped along was pitch-dark. In the middle of the street I cautiously picked my way, for there are no sidewalks here. The stillness of the grave reigned in the city. I heard some one following me with a heavy



tread as if with iron shoes. Who can it be? I saw nothing, only heard the mysterious steps. At length the town clock struck—one—two; then with his lips close to my ear, as I thought, the watchman chanted with a loud voice:

“Hört ihr Lit, ik will ik saga  
D’ Uhr hot elfie g’schlaga—elfie-ee g’sclaga-a.”

I went to sleep musing over the watchman’s song, his music sweetly ringing in my ears. The following is a translation of this song, made by some to me unknown writer:

Hark ye neighbors and hear me tell—  
Ten now strikes on the belfry bell!  
Ten are the holy Commandments given  
To man below from God in heaven.  
Human watch from harm can’t ward us,  
God will watch and God will guard us;  
He, through His eternal might,  
Gives us all a blessed night!

Hark, ye neighbors, and hear me tell—  
Eleven sounds on the belfry bell!  
Eleven Apostles of holy mind,  
Taught the Gospel to mankind!  
Human watch, &c.

Hark, ye neighbors, and hear me tell—  
Twelve resounds from the belfry bell!  
Twelve disciples to Jesus came,  
Who suffered rebuke for their Saviour’s name.  
Human watch, &c.

Hark, ye neighbors, and hear me tell—  
One has pealed on the belfry bell!  
One God above, one Lord indeed,  
Who bears us forth in time of need.  
Human watch, &c.

Hark, ye neighbors and hear me tell—  
Two resounds from the belfry bell!  
Two paths before mankind are free;  
Neighbor, choose the best for thee.  
Human watch, &c.

Hark, ye neighbors, and hear me tell—  
Three now tolls on the belfry bell!  
Threefold reigns the Heavenly Host,  
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.  
Human watch, &c.



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A STRONG TOWER.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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"The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe."  
Prov. xviii. 10.

Hugh Miller gives the following singular instance of deliverance from danger by means of prayer:

A Scotch Highlander, who served in the first disastrous war with the American colonies, was brought one evening before his commanding officer, charged with the capital offence of being in communication with the enemy. The charge could not well be preferred at a more dangerous time. Only a few weeks had elapsed since the execution of Major Andre, and the indignation of the British, exasperated almost to madness by the event, had not yet cooled down. There was, however, no direct proof against the Highlander. He had been seen, in the gray of the twilight, stealing out from a clump of underwood that bordered on one of the huge forests which at that period covered by much the greater part of the United Provinces, and which, in the immediate neighborhood of the British, swarmed with the troops of Washington. All the rest was mere inference and conjecture. The poor man's defense was summed up in a few words. He had stolen away from his fellows, he said, to spend a few hours in private prayer.

"Have you been in the habit of spending hours in private prayer?" sternly asked the officer, himself a Scotchman and a Presbyterian.

The Highlander replied in the affirmative.

"Then," said the other, drawing out his watch, "never in your life had you more need of prayer than now; kneel down, sir, and pray aloud, that we may all hear you."

The Highlander in the expectation of instant death, knelt down. His prayer was that of one long acquainted with the appropriate language in which the Christian addresses his God. It breathed of eminent peril, and earnestly implored the divine interposition in the threatened danger; the help of Him who, in times of extremity is strong to deliver. It exhibited, in short, a man who, thoroughly conversant with the scheme of redemption, and fully impressed with the necessity of a personal interest in the advantages which it secures, had made the business of salvation the work of many a



solitary hour, and had, in consequence, acquired much fluency in expressing all his various wants as they occurred, and thoughts and wishes as they arose.

"You may go, sir," said the officer, as he concluded, "you have, I dare say, not been in correspondence with the enemy to-night."

"His statement," he continued, addressing himself to the other officers, "is, I doubt not, perfectly correct. No one could have prayed so without a long apprenticeship; fellows who never attend drill always get on ill at review."

During our late civil war a Sunday-school convention was held in Kentucky. The place of meeting was between the contending armies. The delegates had to pass the line of one or the other, yet they held the convention without being molested by either.

An earnest Sunday-school missionary in their employ, since then gone to his reward, was an out and out Union man. He had some difficulty in passing Gen. Bragg's pickets. He had a mortal dread of the rebel Gen. Morgan, and of his savage deeds. On this subject the amiable, godly missionary had decided views. For Morgan no punishment could be too severe, he thought—not even hanging or burning. "Beware lest Morgan will catch you," said a friend.

"Never you fear, I shall see to that," was his brave reply. But Morgan did catch him.

He had the rare fortune, for a missionary, of having a valuable fleet horse. To his sorrow he found that, "a horse is a vain thing for safety." In trying to pass the enemies' outposts, he was arrested, and of course taken before Morgan, the object of his horror.

"Where are you going, sir?" asked Morgan sharply

"To start a Sunday-school at Goose Creek."

"A Sunday-school! That's a likely story! You look like a Sunday-school man! They don't ride that kind of horses, not much. Got anything to show?"

"Yes, sir, here is my commission."

This had been signed by Rev. John McCullagh, who for thirty years had been an earnest Sunday-school worker in the State.

"I don't know anything about these chaps (some of the names on his paper) only old Mack—I know him. I heard him preach when I wasn't knee-high to a duck. Can you sing?"

"Yes, sir."

He begins his song, with a trembling voice; and no wonder. It may be his death-song. Whose heart would not rise into his throat when singing for such hearers? The next minute their rifles may seal his fate. He sings of Jesus, the crucified Saviour. His voice possesses no extra charms, its trembling ceases at the end of a few lines. His soul is on fire with his theme. He sings of a



Saviour's love, and sings for dear life, and should life here end, he'll sing his soul to heaven.

It was a picture for an artist. The rude surroundings of the camp and army. The officers seated on their horses. The rough, hard-looking men, with bronzed faces and weather-beaten garments, standing around in groups, leaning on their rifles. The missionary with hat in hand, laying the bridle on the graceful mane of his horse, soon forgot Morgan and impending death in his sweet theme. The charm of music, and of the simple hymns, the power of association, bringing vividly to mind their Sunday-school memories, their firesides, and groups of children who nightly prayed for dear papa and brother in the army melted the hearts of these Southern warriors, as snow melts before a vernal sun. Even Morgan's eyes moistened and his strong men wept like children.

After the captured missionary had sung for a while, Morgan's shrill voice rang out, "Boys, this chap is all right. Let him go."

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## BAD CHIROGRAPHY.

BY PERKIOMEN.

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The "Knights of the Quill" are fast becoming an awkward, blundering order. Even with the aid of improved weapons of steel, gold and diamond, they cannot do as fair execution, by any means, as did their ancestors with the common goose feather. Who ever could not administer a "hair stroke," in those days, never entertained the least hope of being promoted to a higher grade in the ranks. And this was before the race of "Professors in Penmanship." Still the drilling continued day after day, until the graceful curve, the fair proportion, the light and heavy bearing down, and the delicate ascending could be made. Every mark at last appeared full, fair and fit for inspection. How the poor urchins were "knuckled," down in "School House Lane," during those years of apprenticeship. I can still see the tongues gyrate over those honestly framed letters. Still those doubled up and dirty fingers pull the style slowly along. I can yet see the big drops of sweat rolling down, mingled with an occasional tear. Many a copy-book, I am quite sure, to-day bears about itself the marks of a cruel task-master, who had been set over urchins placed in the stocks. But it was not without its good results, this system of *Pen-ance*. Some of the "best writers in the school" went out there.



Grown-up men are even yet careful to preserve their "Rewards of merit" between the lids of their centre-table books. As beautiful a business hand as Charles Santee is master of, and as typelike as Prof. William M. Nevin's (not the *Doctor's*, though!) did I see there. The aim and end was largely reached, *to write a ready and readable hand*.

But this order of *Pen-ance* has become fearfully demoralized too. A hideous system of *Greelyism* has completely supplanted the ancient style of chirography. By what code of ethics a man (and just think of a woman attempting it!) can justify a careless and illegible hand-writing, has never been established. Is it inviting to the eye, that your manuscript should look like a marked tea-chest? If our chirography is to resemble the hieroglyphics of the "celestials," then we too are opposed to their importation. Think of a picture so drawn and daubed; of a book page, or newspaper column so outrageously done. Would we have the patience to decipher it? Why then this *penchant*, to turn our letters even into a puzzle, to be guessed out by our friends? Writers for the Press affect the sphynx of old. And alas, for the compositor who cannot solve the riddle! Now, let it be known, that all those who intend to imitate Horace Greeley in their manuscript, should strive to be like him in equanimity and patience, too, and not go about blowing up the poor printer, in the next issue. Don't blame him for not being able to do what no one else, not even you, can do, *i. e., read an illegible thing*. See how Horace takes things. What is rendered below he must see again and ever, but only lets it pass with a smile:—

#### HORACE GREELEY'S MANUSCRIPT.

The story of the carpenter who tried all one summer to build a barn for Horace Greeley, and used the letter mailed to him by mistake from the *Tribune* office, thinking it to be a new fangled plan—that yarn and the other one, which asserts that Horace was invited at a high figure to embark in the tea-chest lettering business by reason of his way of using the pen, we are used to, and have long ago got through laughing over. But the Cincinnati *Times* out Herods Herod in its story of Greeley's chirography. It is said that the distinguished philosopher recently wrote a letter regarding the proposed removal of the National Capitol from Washington, in which he urged New York as an eligible site for the structure. The *Times* gives the body of the letter as follows, first premising that it is a little difficult to decipher:

"It is not possible that I ever stole them again. As nudding is a reproach to comic actions, the very gayest conveyances of our cemeteries are untrue, and preserves are bankrupt. Swill your

nices anteloupes in Washington until it swims in an unfortunate location. All the McCarty's are sure to be veneered unlest they hest, and I suffered fearful undeniable cross-cut saws. Who bought all the nuts and lozenges of the Ecumenical Council? The babe of the federal parentage is the bearer of its own two-horse lumberwagon. It squalled when surrounded by a dose of Widow Cliquot. Experimented on by the population of repeated voters in myriads to the defeat of nautical anchovies and tomatoes, is swelled to a forest of artichokes, and amid the solicitude of rosin-barrels thus inviting the Bois de Boulogne, and accommodating the formation of cheese factories throughout the civilized world."

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### INSIDE THE POST OFFICE.

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*From the New York Times.*

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If you were to approach the general delivery window of the New York Post office, and inquire of the clerk the rates of postage, he would say: "For all domestic letters, three cents per half ounce; for samples of merchandise, two cents for every four ounces; pamphlets and newspapers the same; circulars two cents each."

This is the information we received one rainy day, when we were favored with a few moments' conversation with a clerk who, happening to know us, invited us in.

"Take a chair," said he. "It is a little against the rules, but then I don't think there can be any objection in your case."

"Yes sir, we have all sorts of people to deal with, and all kinds of questions to answer. We are presumed to be the servants of the people, and there are some who never fail to make us aware of the relation they think should exist between them as masters and us as servants. Everybody who comes to our window expects a letter, whether there is one for them or not, and if we don't satisfy his demands immediately, we are looked upon as having, in some way, neglected our duty, and are treated accordingly. Some of our customers are contented with one letter a day, while others *demand* two or three. Of course the more foolish of the disappointed ones, imagine that we have entered into some sort of conspiracy to cheat them out of their correspondence.

"We have got a class of people that we call 'old timers.' I have been in the office several years, and am familiar with most of



our regular customers. I have got at least a hundred callers, whose faces I have seen, when on duty, at least three times a day, for nearly five years. No, sir; their correspondence is not large; in fact, some of them never get any letters. I have got one man, who, I think, is not in his right senses, who has called to see me at least twenty times a day, Sundays excepted, for the past six months. He seems a perfect maniac on the subject of letters, and I have never found one for him yet. The way he manœuvres is quite amusing. When he first approaches the window in the morning, he comes up in a business-like way. In all his calls afterward he seeks to disguise himself. Sometimes he pulls his coat collar up and draws his hat down over his eyes. Sometimes he squints terribly to deceive me, and, if that won't work, he ties a handkerchief partly over his face, and all because he wants to assure himself that I have not made some mistake in looking for his letters.

"To be sure we make mistakes sometimes, but are generally very careful. It is for our interest to be so. We would much rather people would get their letters the first time they call. It saves us trouble. A mistake occurred a few weeks since, that gave me much pain. It was more an accident than a mistake, as you will see. A young lady called to inquire for a letter for Miss O. Sullivan—O'Sullivan, with the apostrophe, as I supposed. I looked in the O'Sullivan box, but found no letters for her. She called many days, when, one day, she fell fainting at the window, and I found out, by seeing a report of the case in the morning papers, that her name was Olive Sullivan. There were letters for her from her brother, who was in the army. The letters contained money, for the want of which, being a stranger, in the city, she had nearly starved to death.

"Certainly, sir, we sometimes find addresses very difficult to decipher, and there are many attempts at wit which serve only to puzzle us. I have copied a few addresses which may amuse you.

"'To John O Rourke, who has gone  
To Ireland, Waterford, town and county.  
He got his money to go home  
By nimbly jumping the bounty.'

"This soliloquy is not bad:

"'To reach, or not to reach its destination—  
That's the question concerning this letter,  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to bear  
The outrageous robberies of post office clerks,  
Or to arrest them—to 'nip,' to 'pull,'  
And by 'pulling' to say we bring to grief  
The aforesaid clerks, and 'shut pan'  
On the thousand and one natural ways  
They have of stealing,  
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished."

“Here are some impromptu lines that probably reached their destination. In fact, odd or badly written addresses seldom fail, as more careful attention is given them :

“‘Heavens and earth, who knows but what  
This letter may not reach her !  
If it should fail, I may bewail  
My love for that fair creature.  
Dear clerk, I know that this will go,  
If I am at all lucky,  
To Mary Sheen, of Bowling Green,  
In the State of old Kentucky.’

“Here is a note written in pencil on an envelope:

“‘TO THE WORTHY POST MASTER OF NEW YORK. SIR:—  
If you have clustering in your mind any happy memories of youth, you cannot fail to recollect the delight the receipt your first letter gave you. This is to a maiden, who, I have every reason to believe, if she gets it, will enjoy the sensation of receiving *her* first epistle. Please appreciate the circumstance and see that it is delivered.’

“Some of the poetical addresses are a little blind ; still they can usually be understood. Here is one on a newspaper which was sent to Philadelphia:

“‘Speed to Johnnie Hill,  
In the Quaker city Phil.;  
Such is the writer’s will,  
Kind sir, his trust fulfill.’

“Here is an address written for the information of clerks :

“Do not stop this. ’Tis to my brother.  
He lives in Portland, State of Maine.  
His name is John, his surname Marther,  
No money does this note contain.’

“These lines, written at the corner of an envelope, contain a pretty broad insinuation:

“‘Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
That life is but an empty show,  
And that thieves the post encumbers,  
And monied letters ne’er can go.’”

“This note, over the address of a letter, was evidently penned by some wicked young lady :



“ ‘Will the clerk look the man who inquires for this, square in the face, and see if he don’t blush? It is an answer to a matrimonial advertisement.’

“But odd addresses are nothing compared with the odd things that are sometimes sent through the mails. Not long ago we received a box containing a live rattlesnake, caught somewhere in the Rocky Mountains. The reptile was forwarded through our office to Boston. Last winter, a cat, that had journeyed all the way from Nevada, stopped a few hours with us, and was finally sent on to Buffalo. Naturalists think nothing of sending lizards, juvenile alligators and other specimens by post. All live animals are treated well by the clerks, out of sympathy for their friendless condition.

“The office is never closed, except to the public. There are night and day tours, so that the work of receiving and assorting the mails is going on at all times. During the day, about eighty tons of mail matter are sent out, and about thirty tons received. We deliver between seventy-five and eighty thousand letters daily, and receive in the same time, for mailing to all parts of the world, about two hundred thousand. Our paper distribution, it would be hard to estimate, except by weight.”

Not willing to delay the clerk any longer, we thanked him for the information we had received and bade him good day.

G. W. J.

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## THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

In tottered old slippers that toast at the bars,  
And a rugged old jacket, perfumed with cigars,  
Away from the world in its toils and its cares,  
I’ve a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,  
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure,  
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day  
Is grand, through the chimney pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks,  
With worthless old nicknacks and silly old books,  
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,  
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked).  
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed ;  
A two-penny treasure, wondrous to see ;  
What matter ? 'tis pleasant to you friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require  
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire ;  
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get  
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp,  
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp,  
A Mameluke fierce yon dagger has drawn,  
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long, through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,  
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times ;  
As we sit in the fog made of rich Latakie,  
This chamber is pleasant to you friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest  
There's one that I love and cherish the best ;  
For the finest of coaches that's padded with hair,  
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,  
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet,  
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,  
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling in holding such charms,  
A thrill must have passed through your withered old arms ;  
I looked and I longed ; I wished in despair ;  
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place ;  
She'd a scarf on her neck and a smile on her face !  
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,  
And she sat there and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,  
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince ;  
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet, I declare  
Thè queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,  
In the silence of night, as I sit here alone—  
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—  
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and re-visits my room ;  
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom ;  
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair ;  
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.